

ST. JOHN'S EVE.

Come, draw the chairs around the hearth,
my lad,
What! it's but 10 o'clock, and all is
bright?
If I had kept that strength that once I
had,
They had been ranged there with the
morning's light.
Just once a year, just once, poor souls!
they're let
To cross the old home threshold, and to
sit
Beside the fire, and here we don't forget;
I say, they're ready ere the lamps are
lit!
Put the old grandsire's elbow-seat the
first,
In the warm corner that he called his
own;
And next the rocker, where thy mother
nursed
Her first-born, proud as on a monarch's
throne;
And then the little stool that she would
draw
Close up to me as we sat laughing there,
And I would make as if I scarcely saw
The firelight dancing on her sunny hair.
Up there at Eno-gat the tall grass waves,
And the red roses glitter in the sun,
The three tall crosses mark the three
green graves,
Where they lie quiet, life's hot battle
done;
Old man, and matron, and unwedded
maid,
For many a weary year of labor gone,
But they will rise, for all so deeply laid,
And seek us on the eve of good St. John.
Pour out three cups of the old cider, boy;
Put the three sweetest apples on the
plate;
Bring flowers, to give the board a look
of joy,
And then go rest while I sit here and
wait;
I shall not greet them at the open door,
I shall not see them lift the heavy latch,
Nor hear their footsteps on the oaken
floor,
Though eyes and ears are straining as
I watch.
And yet, I think, as they come in at last,
That I shall know them near me once
again,
And all the gladness of the dear dead past
Will beat once more in dulling heart and
brain;
While age and weariness, like robes out-
worn,
Will drop from off me, and young, brave
and true,
With wrongs forgiven and sweet hopes
reborn,
I and my loved our lost lives will renew.
What, the old man is doting, is he lad?
Perhaps so; yet he'll have his willful
way,
And give our rites the honor that they
had,
Ere all was cold and scornful, as to-
day!
See how—the west is palling. Set the
chairs,
And go; all round us must be still and
dumb,
The saints are gracious when man trusts
and dares;
My darling, oh, my darling, wilt thou
come?
—Household Words.

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

There was a large party at the Cha-
teau de Kerdall, near Vannes.
The Marquis de Kerdall and his
young wife had just returned from a
tour of the world on their yacht, during
which they had paid flying visits to
Africa, America and Oceania, and
they had celebrated their home com-
ing by gathering together all their
friends and relatives at their beautiful
country house.
Among the guests was old Dr. Corna-
buc, an illustrious member of the Acad-
emy of Metaphysical Sciences, so origi-
nal, so absent-minded, so venerable in
his blonde peruke and his costume of
the fashion of 1850. Then there was
Mme. De Lartigue, an old school
friend of the Marquise, a brilliant and
coquettish Parisienne. And there was
Miss Hawthorne, an English maiden
lady with youthful propensities. And
there were many others, all of whom
found plenty of amusement to their
heart's content at Kerdall.
Outside of the ordinary pleasures of
life there were some unusual attrac-
tions. In the first place the host and
hostess had seen and experienced so
much that was novel and startling that
their conversation was always fascinat-
ating. Then the rooms of the castle
constituted a veritable museum, being
stocked with rare and curious objects
from two continents. And, finally, a
menagerie had been created in one cor-
ner of the park and stocked with vari-
ous animals, which M. De Kerdall had
picked up during the voyage and
brought back to France for purposes
of acclimatization. There were gazelles,
antelopes, Thibet goats, Nile ibises, rose
flamingoes, opossums, beavers and an
Asiatic ape of the mandrill species, as
mild as a lamb, but as mischievous as
all his kind. An iron lattice cage had
been built for him close to the conserva-
tory.
As will be seen, the chateau de Ker-
dall was a veritable Eden, but this fact
did not prevent little Mme. De Lartigue
from dreading the isolated position of
the place among the wide expanse of
woods and fields.
"I should be afraid to live here all
the year round," she said.
"Afraid of what, my dear?" asked
the Marquise.
"Oh, of robbers; they would fairly
revel here."
Robbers! In this mansion filled to the
eaves with guests and servants! Every-
body mocked at the young woman and
old Dr. Cornabuc told horrible
stories till Mme. De Lartigue, ashamed
of her chimerical fears, was the first
to laugh, and when the retiring hour
came she mounted to her sleeping
apartment on the second floor supplied
with a goodly stock of heroism. Within
a short time all the occupants of the
chateau were in the land of dreams.
How long Mme. De Lartigue slept

she knew not. She was awakened by a
rattling at her window, which she
had left half opened on account of the
heat.
What was her terror when, in the
feeble starlight, she saw a form climb-
ing noiselessly through the window.
She tried to scream, but her throat
was parched with fright and she could
not utter a sound.
The man had entered the chamber.
Then the poor woman hastily buried
her head beneath the bed clothing.
Half dead with fear, she could hear
her nocturnal visitor going and coming
across the carpet with muffled steps.
It seemed as though he must have re-
moved his shoes in order to tread softly.
Bathed with cold perspiration and her
teeth chattering, she awaited the mortal
blow from the invader. But it did
not come.
After about a quarter of an hour she
timidly peered out. She could see and
hear nothing. Slightly reassured, she
recovered the use of her voice and
started a series of shrieks, so sharp,
piercing and terrible that in an instant
the entire chateau was turned into her
chamber with lights in their hands.
M. and Mme. De Kerdall at the head.
"What is it? What's the matter?"
they cried.
She recounted her horrible vision.
They would not believe her; she had
been dreaming. Who could have climb-
ed into this chamber, so high above the
ground, without a ladder?
"Did you see him plainly?" asked the
Marquis, with a touch of suspicion in
his voice.
"As plainly as I see you, and it even
seemed—" She hesitated.
"What?"
"It seemed as though I could recog-
nize Dr. Cornabuc in his blonde wig
and redingote."
Everybody laughed. What! Dr. Corna-
buc! A man of age and character scal-
ing windows at midnight! It was cer-
tain now that Mme. Lartigue had
been dreaming. They tried to dissipate
her fear, and she was just about to per-
suade herself that she had been the vic-
tim of an hallucination when she hap-
pened to cast her eyes upon the bureau,
where she had left her jewels.
They were gone! It had truly been a
robber!
The laughing suddenly ceased, and
they looked at one another in conster-
nation.
All at once another cry was heard, a
piercing shriek coming through the
stillness of the night. It appeared to
emanate from Miss Hawthorne's cham-
ber. There was a rush for her apart-
ment, and the English lady was found
standing in the middle of the room,
with frightened eyes.
"There! there!" she cried, pointing to
the window. "A man! He has escaped,
but I recognized him."
"Who was it?"
"Dr. Cornabuc!"
The doctor again! This time nobody
laughed. Cornabuc was looked for
among the persons who had been at-
tracted by the excitement, but he was
not there. He was the only occupant
of the chateau who was missing.
"Come, let us go to the doctor's room,"
said the Marquis, knitting his brows.
"He will doubtless solve the mystery
for us."
All followed Kerdall—the men half
dressed, the women in their white
night robes, all carrying candles—a
weird procession.
Upon the entrance of the crowd the
doctor hurriedly wrapped himself in
the bedclothes, his wrinkled counten-
ance alone being visible over the top,
and this convulsed by anger into a
comical grimace. The candle light was
reflected from his bald pate, which
shone like ivory.
"Is this some ill-timed joke?" he
stormed. "What is going on? Is the
chateau on fire? I heard a terrible out-
cry, and was about to inquire into it."
"You must come and join us, doctor,"
said Kerdall.
"And how shall I do it?" cried the
Doctor, furiously. "Some rascal has
run off with my clothing, and in ex-
change he has left me this," and he
savagely hurled a white object into the
middle of the room.
"My corsets!" murmured Miss Haw-
thorne, modestly lowering her eyes.
"And this?" continued the Doctor,
wildly brandishing another article.
"My hat!" cried Mme. De Lartigue.
"This rascally passes all bounds,"
howled the Doctor, whose shining head,
with one final grimace, ducked beneath
the bed clothing, like the clown going
through a trap door in the marionette
theater.
They knew not what to think. The
mystery was growing more complicated.
It certainly looked as though a rob-
ber had entered the chateau—perhaps
a whole band of burglars and assassins.
Mme. De Lartigue imagined a troop of
brigands armed to the teeth.
"Let us hope they have no guns," said
the Marquis, to raise the hopes of his
guests.
There was no echo to the pleasantry.
Suddenly a strange sound was heard
coming from the ground floor. It was
certainly the piano in the reception
salon, but it was surely being played
by goblin fingers, and so furiously that
it seemed as though the keys must be
broken.
"This is too much!" cried the Mar-
quis, rushing toward the staircase, with
all the crowd, excepting Dr. Cornabuc,
close behind him.
They hastily penetrated the salon. It
was empty. The mysterious visitor
was gone, but he could not be far away.
The crash of china and glass announced
his presence in the dining-room.
Everybody rushed thither, and the
Marquis, who was in the lead, dimly
saw a form escaping through the win-
dow into the garden.
"This time we've got him!" he cried.
The men seized guns and knives from
a hunting rack in the vestibule and
started across the garden and park in
pursuit of the fugitive, while the wom-

en barricaded themselves in the salon
and anxiously awaited the result of the
chase.
It was about an hour later, in the un-
certain light which precedes the rising
of the sun, that a servant discovered
the mysterious stranger ensconced
among the branches of a large oak. At
his call the Marquis and his guests
hastened to the spot.
"Come down!" commanded M. De
Kerdall, but the bandit only settled
himself deeper among the foliage and
made no response.
"Come down, or I will shoot!"
And, as there was no reply, he lifted
his gun and already had his finger upon
the trigger when the domestic hurried-
ly pulled his arm, and said:
"Do not fire, monsieur. It is Dr. Corna-
buc!"
And, sure enough, the blonde wig and
redingote could now be seen among the
leaves.
But at this moment the first ray of
sunlight gleamed in from the east and
the oak was illuminated. The Marquis
suddenly broke into a fit of explosive
laughter, and, as his guests gazed up
into the tree, they could not keep from
following his example.
"The ape!"
Everything was explained. The animal
had escaped from his cage the pre-
vious evening and had managed to
effect an entrance into the chateau.
Animated by his instinct of imitation,
he had first attired himself in the doc-
tor's effects and then wandered over
the house at his own free will.
He was put back into his prison after
some little trouble, and at daybreak the
party enjoyed a hearty laugh at the ad-
ventures of the night.
But Dr. Cornabuc did not appear at
the table. He left the chateau at an
early hour, furious and without taking
leave.
Since this episode he has never set
foot at Kerdall, and he has never lost
a feeling of deep antipathy to Mme. De
Lartigue and Miss Hawthorne.
"How could they have mixed me up
with a monkey?" he wants to know.
—Argonaut.

Dangerous Sheep.

The dangers of mountain climbing
are in general pretty well understood,
and so can be guarded against, but Sir
W. Martin Conway, in Scribner's Mag-
azine, narrates a mountain adventure
of a really novel sort.
On the way to Mud Lake we had a
strange adventure, of which I was for-
tunate enough to secure a photograph.
We were approaching the highest sheep
pasture as the day waned. The sheep,
seventeen hundred in number, saw us
from the surrounding slopes, and urged
by a longing for salt, rushed down
upon us from all sides, with one united
"Baa" in a wild, converging ava-
lanche.
We beat off the leaders, but they could
not retreat, for those behind
pressed them forward. Finding that
Carrel was the saltier morsel, the whole
flock surged upon him. They lifted
him off his feet, carried him forward,
cast him to the ground and poured over
him.
Fortunately the ground was flat.
When the shepherd saw what had hap-
pened he whistled shrilly thrice, where-
upon the sheep dispersed in terror, flee-
ing up the mountainside in all direc-
tions till no two remained together.

Very Polite.

The Saxons are a very polite people,
so over-polite that they not infrequent-
ly bring down ridicule upon themselves.
It used to be told in Dresden that a
stranger in the city was one day cross-
ing the great bridge that spans the
Elbe, and asked a native to be direct-
ed to a certain church which he wished
to find.
"Really, my dear sir," said the Dres-
dener, bowing low, "I grieve greatly
to say it, but I cannot tell you."
The stranger passed on, a little sur-
prised at this voluble answer to a simple
question. He had proceeded but a
few rods, when he heard hurried foot-
steps behind him, and, turning, saw
the same man running to catch up with
him.
In a moment his pursuer was by his
side, his breath nearly gone, but
enough left to say:
"My dear sir, you asked me how you
could find the church, and it pained me
to have to say that I did not know.
Just now I met my brother and asked
him, but I grieve to say that he did not
know, either."

Hirsch's Hoodoo.

Baron Hirsch, shortly before his
death, sold his very beautiful estate
at St. Jean, because it was too damp to
be healthy. He purchased another
through an agent and started to erect
a magnificent chateau upon it. After
he had expended about \$35,000 on the
new property, which he intended to en-
dow as a children's hospital after his
death, he was informed that it was even
dampier than St. Jean. He went in per-
son to see, and finding the report true,
and that the property was of no use
whatever for his benevolent purpose,
added to the thought that he had been
swindled, caused him to fly into a vio-
lent rage, which was the direct cause
of his death.

Thrifty Old Age.

Besides doing the butter making,
cooking, washing, and housework of
her family, an 80-year-old woman of
Whitneyville, Me., walks a mile or
two daily to pick blueberries, for which
she gets about eight cents a quart.

Give a boy a piece of work to do, and he spends half of the time in inventing some contrivance to make his work easier.

You will run across a man oftener
whose boarding house suits him, than
one who is suited with his home.

CARVINGS IN A CAVE.

Prehistoric Relics Discovered in Cen- tral France.

In a letter addressed to the Secretary
of the French Academy of Sciences,
the well-known anthropologist, M. E.
Riviere, announces that, in the course
of a mission confided to him by the
Ministry of Public Instruction, he has
discovered in the Department of the
Dordogne a prehistoric cave, of which
he has explored 127 meters. Its walls
are covered with drawings of animals.
These drawings are cut deep in the
rock, some of them being buried under
stalagmites. This fact is, according to
M. Riviere, most important, as it con-
stitutes an undeniable proof of the
great antiquity of the drawings in ques-
tion.
The caves of the Dordogne have for
some forty years been noted for their
relics of a very early race of men. They
were first explored by M. Lartet, of
France, and our fellow countryman,
Mr. Christy, whose fine collection is
now in the British Museum; but the
one recently examined by M. Riviere
appears to be of exceptional size and
interest. The special interest—if, in-
deed, it be not unique—of M. Riviere's
discovery is that he has found some
kind of incised ornamentation upon the
actual walls of a cave. These carvings
are sometimes covered by a film of
stalagmite, which shows them to be
very far from modern; the patterns,
however, of the engravings will be a
yet more satisfactory proof of their
antiquity; for the style of ornamenta-
tion practiced by this folk is not so fa-
miliar to experts that they can recog-
nize it without difficulty. Both the ob-
jects depicted and the material em-
ployed throw considerable light upon
the condition of Western Europe at this
early age. The antlers of reindeer are
commonly used for tools and orna-
ments, and the bones of this animal
abound in the debris on the floors. Ob-
viously, it must then have been as com-
mon in Perigord as it now is in the ex-
treme north of Asia or America.
This fact, taking into consideration
the present range of the animal, and re-
membering the habits of the people, in-
dicates that in those days Central
France cannot have had a climate more
genial than that of Northern Norway
at the present era. In addition to these
animals, the red deer, the Irish elk, the
wild horse, the glutton, and, possibly,
the rhinoceros are depicted; but the
most interesting sketch of all is a fair-
ly accurate and rather spirited outline
of a mammoth scratched on a piece of
tusk—these figures sometimes are ac-
tually sculptured as if to form the han-
dles of knives or of tools of some kind,
but in other cases, as in the last named,
they are incised on the flat or curved
surface of a bone or of an antler. Re-
mains of the cave lion and cave bear
have been found, though not abundantly,
together with those of the hyena,
the ibex, the chamois, and the saiga
antelope, which now inhabit the plains
of the Volga and Southern Siberia.
These men of the Dordogne had prob-
ably attained to a stage of civilization
comparable with that of the Esqui-
maux before they were brought into
contact with Europeans, and there is
so strong a family likeness in the handi-
work of the two that Prof. Boyd Daw-
kins, who has paid much attention to
the subject, is of opinion that the Es-
quimaux are the nearest approach to
descendants and representatives of this
long-lost race. As comparatively few
bones of the Dordogne folk have been
identified with certainty up to the pre-
sent time, we are hardly in a position
to say what anatomical evidence there is
for this view; but, so far as it goes, it
is favorable.—London Standard.

Actions Betrayed Their Feelings.

Three girls sat on a shady bench in
Washington Park the other afternoon;
they were all looking after an acquaint-
ance who had just walked past in com-
pany with a young man.
"He's awfully in love with her," re-
marked the girl on the end of the bench.
"I'm sure I don't think her pretty at
all," said the girl in the middle; "her
face is too red."
"I didn't say she was pretty," retort-
ed the girl on the end of the bench.
"I only said that he is awfully in love
with her."
"How do you know he is?" said the
third girl. "He didn't tell you, I sup-
pose. Did she?"
"He had no need to; I've seen them
together often enough to know. She
invited me to meet him at her house the
other evening, too."
"Wanted to show him off, I suppose,"
said the girl in the middle of the bench.
"Maybe she did. She doesn't care a
rap for him, though. I can tell him
that."
"But you haven't told us yet how you
know he loves her so much," insisted
the girl in the middle.
"He disagrees with everything she
says, criticizes everything she does,
and snaps at her if she attempts to ex-
plain her words or actions."
"O!" said the girl in the middle.
"Then, how are you so sure that she
doesn't care a rap for him?" asked
the third girl.
"She gets mad, too!"
"O!" said the other girls in unison.—
Chicago Tribune.

Queer Ideas About Sleep.

The natives of the Philippine Islands
have many peculiar notions and prac-
tices. They are indolent in the ex-
treme, and never tire of sitting still and
gazing at nothing in particular.
One of the rudest acts, in their eyes,
is to step over a person asleep on the
floor. Sleeping is, with them, a very
solemn matter. They are strongly
averse to waking any one, the idea be-
ing that during sleep the soul is absent
from the body, and may not have time
to return if slumber is suddenly broken.
To get a servant to rouse you, you
must give him the strictest of orders.

Then at the time appointed he will
stand by your side and call, "Senor!
Senor!" repeatedly, each time more
loudly than before, until you are half
awake; then, after waiting a little
while, he will return to the low note
and again raise his voice gradually till
you are fully conscious.

DECAY OF A POPULAR FAD.

Little Demand Now for Collections of Postage Stamps.

According to postal officials, there has
been a big slump within the past year
or two in the stamp-collecting business.
Although the Government clerks are
supposed to strictly avoid all dealings
with stamp collectors, they are in a po-
sition to accurately gauge the condition
of the stamp market, and they are
unanimous in saying that interest in
this fad has fallen off wonderfully of
late.
Letters from stamp collectors became
so numerous some time ago that Assis-
tant Postmaster General Kerr Craige
found it necessary to get out a circular
letter in reply to these queries. This
letter starts out by saying that the post-
office department does not buy or deal
in canceled stamps. No specimen
stamps, either foreign or domestic, are
sold or given away by the department.
The department also fixed the penalty
for postmasters selling stamps for any
larger or less sum than the values indi-
cated on their faces by decreeing that
any official violating this law be fined
not less than \$50 nor more than \$500.
Probably the greatest drop in the
prices of stamps is that noted in the
case of Columbian stamps. Rare spec-
imens of this issue that eighteen months
ago were away above par can be picked
up almost anywhere at their face value.
The reason assigned for the slump
in the prices of Columbian stamps is
the fact that so many individuals in-
vested in them as a matter of specula-
tion. The majority of these people
knew nothing whatever of the relative
value of stamps to the regular collec-
tors, and after failing to realize on
them at once they have sold out, and so
fairly flooded the stamp market.
A local stamp collector is authority for
the statement that there is soon to be
a united effort made by the dealers to
revive the drooping stamp trade. This
move is to take the shape of an attempt
to bring back the boy trade, which is
necessary for the success of the busi-
ness. It is said that the reason so many
boys have abandoned stamp collecting
of late years is because of the gradual
increase in the prices of rare stamps.
The first move will be to prepare a
number of specimen stamp albums.
This winter a simplified album, which
will not call for stamps of rarity, will
be placed on sale at moderate prices.
It is thought that in this way the trade
can be stimulated, although it is con-
ceded that it will be several years be-
fore the stamps will be at a premium
again.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Hundred and Fifty Miles an Hour.

An electrical engineer has been ex-
hibiting in London the model of his pro-
posed single rail electric line for speeds
of 150 miles an hour. The rail is fixed
on a V-shaped trestle, and runs up into
the body of the car, which as it were,
runs astride of it. The car runs on
twelve bearing wheels, and seats 135
passengers, with space for their bag-
gage. One of the difficulties met with
in schemes for excessively high speed,
travel is the tendency of the car to run
off the track. By running the rail
within the car the lateral tendency of
the train is overcome. But in this late
scheme the great difficulty seems to be
the passenger. What would happen to the
passenger when the train took a sharp
curve while going at 150 miles an hour
is not explained.

High Flight of Migrating Birds.

Human life is in danger at an eleva-
tion of twenty-five thousand feet, and
at a considerably lower altitude bodily
exertion becomes almost impossible.
Birds, on the other hand, rise to an
elevation of thirty-five or forty thou-
sand feet, and at such heights sustain
great muscular exertions for an in-
definite period. In that respect, as in
the matter of flight itself, they have a
manifest advantage over the best of us.
It is not to be supposed that most
birds ever reach the enormous heights
just mentioned, but it seems to be cer-
tain that the great majority of even the
smaller species, when on their semi-an-
nual migrations, move at heights be-
yond the power of the human eye to
see them.

The Trolley and the Farm.

Electric railroads are proving of great
benefit to the farmers in Maine. The
trolley lines run out from the large
cities and towns to villages far re-
moved from steam railroad communi-
cation, and in several districts arrange-
ments are making to run trolley milk
trains, vegetable trains, and the like,
to enable the farmers to get their pro-
duce quickly to market. It is even pro-
posed to run trolley coal trains, to sup-
ply coal to small towns that now use
only wood.

Internal Humidity.

"I hate," said Mr. Tolliver, as he
vainly tried to get his straw hat over
his head, "to get these miserable hats
wet. They shrink so."
Mrs. Tolliver looked up from the
breakfast table.
"There was no rain last night," she
freely remarked.
Then Mr. Tolliver hastily perched his
hat on top of his aching head and hur-
ried from the house.—Cleveland Plain-
dealer.

Kind of Him.

"I was reading of a man who had sus-
tained a broken leg in a trolley acci-
dent," said Asbury Peppers, "and I
could not think how kind it was on
his part."
"Kind," said Mrs. Hammond.
"Yes. It is a certainty that the
broken leg would not sustain him, is
it not?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HEN HOUSE.

Beautiful Specimens of Feathered Tribe Stock the Royal Aviary.

There are plenty of proofs that the
tastes of Queen Victoria are decidedly
domestic, but none seems more con-
vincing than that she is an enthusiastic
chicken raiser. The royal aviary, or,
as the good New England housewife
would call it, the queen's hencoop, as
described in the London Feathered
World by Artist Ernest M. Jessop, is
a very elaborate affair.
The queen has her head "chicken
man," who is aided by a large corps
of experienced assistants. For forty
years the royal poultry pens were un-
der female supervision, Mrs. D'Albertyn,
now in charge of the queen's
room at the kennels, being supervisor. A
man named Hammond has succeeded
her. He knows all about chickens,
their value and their artful ways.
Many breeds are kept in the royal
aviary—gold and silver spangled Ham-
burgs, gold and silver penciled, and
black ones besides. Black, white and
speckled Dorkings strut about in com-
pany with proud American Plymouth
Rocks, black Minorcas, white Leghorns,
Andalusians, white Rocks and Hou-
dons. American Plymouth Rocks are,
by the way, among the queen's favor-
ites.
The bantams, as usual, are the pride
of the roost. One named Toby is as
tame as a kitten. He is Hammond's
toy. When the keeper claps his hand
the midget runs to meet him, jumps
upon his hand and chatters to his
heart's delight.
The chickens are let out daily in
batches of the same breed for an hour's
run on the grass. For breakfast they
get soft food, and for the evening meal
they get an abundance of wheat. There
is no hospital at the royal aviary. As
soon as one of the birds appears to be
ailing it is put to death and afterward
cremated.
The most formidable creatures in the
lot are the wild turkeys imported from
Canada, but now thoroughly natural-
ized. Two beautiful golden eagles are
among the curiosities of the collection.
One was captured thirty years ago in
Windsor forest. There are Aylesbury
ducks, but not many. There are also
golden pheasants and pigeons of vari-
ous kinds.
An average of fifty eggs a day are
laid by the hens. They go to the castle,
Buckingham Palace and Osborne
House only.
The queen has an apartment at the
aviary. It is a bright, sunny room,
with nearly pure white walls. A case
of stuffed birds shot by the prince con-
sort is the principal ornament. The
aviary was once one of the popular
resorts of the royal family, and a tea
service of dark blue and white Dresden
china is still in the house.—New York
World.

Got a Joke on Jay Gould.

Fisk liked a joke on his partner bet-
ter than anything else in the world.
Gould kept a balance of some \$300,000
in the Tenth National bank, for his
personal account, household expenses,
etc. Being called west on a mission
that lasted several weeks, he left his
check book locked in the safe drawer,
to which Fisk had a key. In the office
was a clever young clerk whom Fisk
had caught in the act of imitating his
and Gould's signatures, the imitation
of Gould's being a facsimile. Within
an hour after the wizard's departure
check book and clerk were together
under Fisk's supervision and at his
instigation. More than a dozen blank
checks were signed with the name of
Jay Gould, and in the course of a
month the \$300,000 had disappeared,
Fisk being at that time in the extrava-
gant clutches of Josie Mansfield. On
the very day of Gould's return the
bank sent a notice of overdraft. The
little man nearly fainted. He had
several fits. His excitement was in-
tense. He declared that there was a
conspiracy to ruin him. He hastened
to the bank and they showed him his
checks, signed by himself they did not
doubt, and he raved and tore his hair.
Nor could he doubt the signature. It
was genuine, even in his own eyes. A
rigid investigation was started, which
Fisk put an end to by informing
Gould, with many a poke in the ribs,
that he had drawn and used the mone-
y.
"Did Fisk make it good?" an inno-
cent asked, when this story was told.
"Return the \$300,000?" was the re-
ply. "If Fisk had returned it Wall
street would have cried."—New York
Press.

A Quick Witness.

Attorney (examining witness)—You
say you saw the shots fired?
Witness—Yes, sir.
"How near were you to the scene
of the affray?"
"When the first shot was fired I
was about ten feet from the shooter."
"Ten feet. Well, now, tell the court
where you were when the second shot
was fired."
"I didn't measure the distance."
"Speaking approximately, how far
should you say?"
"Well, it is approximated to half a
mile."
Just the Man.
Rooter—A friend of mine had a load
of bricks dumped on him the other
day and escaped without the slightest
injury.
Baseball Magnate—You interest me.
Where can he be found?
Rooter—Why, what do you want
with him?
Baseball Magnate—He's just the fel-
low for a good umpire.—Philadelphia
North American.

As Amended.

"People who live in glass houses—"
began Mrs. Tibbets.
"People who live in glass houses,"
interrupted Mr. Tibbets, in a man's
dogmatic way, "should pull down the
blinds."—New York World.